

Hope College

Hope College Digital Commons

[The Anchor: 1903](#)

[The Anchor: 1900-1909](#)

12-1-1903

The Anchor, Volume 16.13: December 1, 1903

Hope College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1903



Part of the [Library and Information Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Repository citation: Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 16.13: December 1, 1903" (1903). *The Anchor: 1903*. Paper 10.

https://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1903/10

Published in: *The Anchor*, Volume 16, Issue 13, December 1, 1903. Copyright © 1903 Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the The Anchor: 1900-1909 at Hope College Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anchor: 1903 by an authorized administrator of Hope College Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@hope.edu.

THE ANCHOR

DECEMBER 1903

✓

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN



Christmas Furniture!

Useful as well as
Ornamental.

J. A. Brouwer,

212-214 River Street.,
HOLLAND, MICH.

H. ILIOHAN, The College Shoeman,
Graduate in the Boot and Shoe Art.
EAST EIGHTH STREET

J. KLOOSTERMAN,
TAILOR,

Will do the neatest job for you.

Cleaning, Repairing and
Pressing your Suits.

Prices Reasonable.

Dr. James O. Scott,
DENTIST.

Office over Doesburg's Drug Store
Evenings by appointment
Citizens Phone 441

We keep everything in the line of
FRESH,
SALT and
SMOKED

MEATS

The best goods at the lowest prices.

J. H. DEN HERDER,

South River Street Market.

208 River Street.

Special Attention Given to Boarding
House Orders.



If you want work that is right,
Prices that are right on

*Class Photo Groups, Views,
Amateur Developing
and Printing.*

You will find it will pay you to call at 46
West Eighth Street.

HOPKINS, Photographer.

S. A. MARTIN,

*Drugs, Books and
Stationery.*

Cor. Eighth and River Streets,
Holland, Mich.

Scholars Headquarters.

THE ANCHOR

1904 EDITION NOW READY



**Spalding's
Official
Athletic
Almanac**

Edited by J. E. SULLIVAN, Sec.-Treas.
A. A. U.

The only publication in the
country containing all authentic
athletic records.

H. VAN TONGEREN,

Ask for Catalogue. 12 E. Eighth St.

J. TE-ROLLER

COLLEGE REPAIRER

— of —

ATHLETIC ARTICLES.

Corner Eighth and College Avenue

EAT the original.....
"TAYLOR-MADE"
Honey Comb Chocolate Chip
and BE HAPPY, for sale at
DAMSON & CALKIN.

Finest Gold Smiths in Holland

.....are.....

C. PIEPER & SON,

Holland Gold and Silver Smiths

230 River St., Fairbanks Place.

We are well known by many here.

Holland City News

All kinds of
**Book and
Job Printing.**

♦ ♦ ♦

Commencement Programs
and Invitations,
Commercial Printing.

Boot and Kramer Building,
Citizens Phone No. 50.

J. & H. DE JONGH,

.....LEAD IN.....

**GROCERIES AND
DRY GOODS**

Special Accommodations to Boarding Clubs.
21 East Tenth Street, Holland.

.....GO TO.....
RINGK & CO.

For Furniture all of kinds.

CANDIES, FRUITS....

and NUTS.

New Christmas Goods!

Mrs. Espy, East Eighth St.
HOLLAND.

THE ANCHOR

HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

DEPARTMENTS:
GRAMMAR SCHOOL, COLLEGIATE AND THEOLOGICAL.

STUDIES IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Ancient and Modern Languages and Literatures; Logic, Rhetoric and Elocution; Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy; Chemistry and Geology; The Biological Sciences; Philosophy; Sacred Literature; Geography, History, Civil Government and Pedagogy; Drawing and Music.

COURSES:

CLASSICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND NORMAL.

Theological Department.

The Western Theological Seminary has a course of study as full and practical as its sister seminaries in the West.

Corps of Experienced Instructors.

LOCATION:—On the Pere Marquette railway, 160 miles from Chicago, 25 miles from Grand Rapids.

Expenses Moderate.—For further information or Catalogue apply to

PROF. G. J. KOLLEN, LL.D., Pres.
PROF. C. DOESBURG, Sec'y.

John Meeboer,

Maker of Men's Fine Clothes.
Pressing and Repairing

HOLLAND, - MICHIGAN,
S. W. Cor. Eighth St. and College Ave.

B. STEKETEE

33 West 8th Street.

Does your study look cheerful?
If you are in doubt, pictures
will brighten it up.
We have them and they are
"The Wonderful Seller."

John S. Dykstra

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE AND
HOUSE FURNISHINGS, LAMPS
AND TOYS.

Chairs, Dishes and Tables loaned for parties and weddings. Embalmer and Funeral Director. Citizens Phone 267. 26 East Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XVI

DECEMBER, 1903

NUMBER 13

Twilight.

'Tis the hour when twilight, fading,
Slowly changes into gloom;
Farewell breezes kiss the flowers,
Revel in their sweet perfume.

Roses turn their blushing faces
Toward the setting of the sun;
Beauty vies with sunset glory,
Darkness welds them into one.

Silent sinks the rosy draping,
Vesture of departing day,
Covers all with ruby splendor,
Leaves it clad in twilight grey.

Queen of Night, descending, touches
With her robes the King of Day,
Blending into royal purple
Moonlight beam and sunset ray.

Deeper, darker, grow the shadows,
Stretch their chilly fingers far,
Wander through the haunted forest.
Fall asleep at twilight's star.

Once again the fading splendors
 Shoot their brilliance from the west,
 Clouds roll up from sunset's ocean,
 Rosy billow, fleecy crest:
 Toward the southward far-off hill-tops,
 Seem to bow beneath the weight
 Of the smoke of distant cities,
 Where the bright lights cintillate.
 Tantalizingly inviting
 Us to join their gaiety,
 Life and laughter seem to sparkle
 In their very frailty.
 In the twilight-darkened valleys,
 Placid pools of water lie;
 From their mirror polished surface,
 Night reflects a starry sky.
 O'er their sunset tinted bosoms,
 Trembling trees their shadows throw,
 Not a ripple mars the flood of
 This reflected farewell glow.
 On the breezes laden with the
 Lingering kisses of the light,
 Voices of the earth are wafted,
 Mingled with the breath of night.
 From the lofty, bending poplars,
 Tipped with gold of setting sun,
 Feathery flocks of twittering sparrows,
 Send their cheerful chirping down.
 Thro the night fall, thro the gloaming,
 Comes some lonely wand'rer's song,
 Softly swelling in its cadence,
 On the night air borne along.
 How it's sad notes seem to hover,
 Ling'ring like a sweet caress,
 Floating down the gloomy hill-side,
 Dying of their own sadness.

From the meadows fresh and fragrant,
 With the damp of new plowed sod,
 Comes the lowing of the cattle,
 Stumbling thro the softened clod.
 Southward winged breezes whisper,
 "Lovely twilight, fare thee well."
 From the far off village church tower,
 Softly sounds the evening bell;
 Sends it's mellow clear-toned chiming,
 Over hill and slumbering dell,
 Saying with its dying murmur,
 "Beauteous twilight, fare thee well."

x x

A Thought on the Negro Question.

The first thought that strikes one very forcibly is that the negro evidently is here to stay, and that we are the cause of his being here. We may argue *pro* and *con* as to the advisability of certain measures; but, unless we do something more, we accomplish absolutely nothing. The only thing we can do, is in some measure remedy the fearful harm we have done.

On the first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, Abraham Lincoln began this restitution, when he said in his Emancipation Proclamation: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Certainly the condition of the negro is now not what Lincoln possibly may have anticipated it might be in forty years. But that is only because we have not faithfully followed our illustrious leader. An unswerving course of ill treatment has made the negro what he is to day. The characteristics that distinguish him as human have disappeared and only the bestial are left, because he does what his animal nature prompts him to do, But while he is being ground under the iron heel of tyranny and is viewed only with prejudice, we scarce dare hope for anything better. Of course, reference is here not made to the better class of negroes which is only too rare.

Meaningless in his case are the words: "Sow an act, reap

a habit, sow a habit, reap a character, sow a character, reap a destiny." By the white man's treatment the negro is brutalized until the last spark of manhood has been eradicated.

Practically nothing has been done to counteract this evil. The press, as a rule, is silent, save in scattering the awful details of the awful cruelties committed upon some poor, trembling wretch, whose punishment ought to be meted out by the court, which prerogative the mob has, for the time being, at least, usurped. It is often urged that the press gives only what the people demand. But, if one man asks another to commit a crime, it does not necessarily follow that he must satisfy the demand. It were far better that a newspaper fail for lack of support than that it be in a flourishing condition by catering to a depraved popular taste. It is not a matter of dollars and cents by any means, but a principle is at stake. The better class of readers undoubtedly prefers to see the columns of the daily papers free from the grewsome details. Moreover it is as utterly unfair to force upon the better class of readers what they do not desire, as it is to judge a community by a single class. The tastes and desires of the better class of readers must be consulted.

What has the legislature done in this direction? Practically nothing. What can the individual members do, when they are fettered by the desires and the prejudices of their constituents? Although they are invested with power by the highest authority known to man, they dare to say that they can do nothing contrary to the wishes of their constituents.

The mob thinks that it must needs take matters in its own hands. Nothing was ever yet accomplished in abolishing crime by meeting it with crime; or by meeting violence with violence. "The mob-spirit thrives through suggestion, lawlessness feeds on lawlessness." Mob law defeats its own ends. The most ardent promoters of mob law forget that the one thing a rude, uncultured negro delights in is publicity. He will pay any price, his life if necessary, to become notorious.

Perhaps the mob will be content if the criminal negro is summarily dealt with, but above all it must be done justly. The time has come for every American citizen to take a definite stand on this question. Only when every American citizen has decided to abandon the policy of non-interference can the matter be decided. And the sooner it is decided the better for the nation and the better for the negro.

"Dreamy Days."

One day this summer while I was trying to follow Plato in an argument as to the nature of an "Idea", with my book gently slipping down to the toe-end of the hammock, while, with my natural eye, I was intently watching a measley, little, scrub rooster trying to overawe a lumbering, swing-gaited Brahma, it suddenly dawned on my mind that I was rapidly becoming lazy. So I jumped up energetically, kicked a paling out of our neighbor's fence and pursued the birds of Aesculapius, who, forgetting to invoke their patron Qudeity, began to run with necks outstretched and such undignified screeching that, before I had obtained an opportunity to crack the lumbering Brahma over the head with my weapon, I heard our neighbor lady shrieking from the open window that she had paid fifty cents for that rooster six years ago last Christmas. I desisted; and told her in my most austere tones, that I hated quarreling, and although these roosters were not rational beings still it was unseemly to stand in front of each other in such an irreligious attitude and that in a religious country. I went back to my hammock and recommenced reading Plato. I applied myself in a wonderful manner, and inside half an hour I saw that rooster and Plato engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict above the ruins of ancient Athens. Plato was wielding an idea and with it made dangerous passes at the rooster's neck, while the rooster kept up an incessant clamor, shouting all the while, "Give me back my fifty cents which I loaned you six years ago last Christmas." Mother awoke me in time for supper.

This day of which I have given you a faithful account was not the only day of its kind. More such days followed, more, but weaker, attempts at Plato and his "Idea," accompanied by as many dreams on kindred subjects. The truth is, time was hanging heavily on my hands; I was bored to the extreme limit of boredom. So when I received an invitation from a college friend to pay him a week's visit on the farm, my mind acted just contrary to the hammock experience. I ran about the house with more alacrity than I had exhibited for weeks; upsetting chairs, babies, and a broom, in my hasty preparations for the visit. It was arranged that I should come to a Mission Picnic to meet my

friend, and then together we would proceed to the farm which program we carried out to a nicety.

When we arrived at the farm, the mistress first fed us and then we fed the hogs. There is something peculiarly charming about the farm in the twilight, just about feeding time. The rustle of the leaves as the tree tops sway gently to-and-fro; the shadows retreating stealthily as you advance; the dreamy clucking from the hen-house, broken only when some inexperienced pullet misses her footing and barely escapes breaking her neck on the floor beneath; the rustling from the shadowy, waiving cornfield, stretching out like some haunted forest, mystic, impenetrable; the stars resuming their watch, unbidden, unperceived, till the whole heavens is studded with their glory; and over all the solemn g-g-g-r-r-r-unting of the swine as in satisfied indolence they lean against the sty:—Oh, give me the farm in the twilight!

After feeding the hogs I sought out the program committees and learned that the next feature was milking the cows. Four of us went out to milk but only three of us milked. The other perched on a fence post and tried to scare up some poetic ideas by singing in stage tones, "Milking the cows while the shadows are falling." But the would-be Philomel had barely finished the "Shadows" when the other three of us yelled out that the cows were not sufficiently developed along artistic lines to appreciate the melodramatic. I have never been intimate with cows since. Cows are too prosaic. The singer descended from his fence-post Pegasus and went back to the grove where he had out his "Milking the Cows" to his heart's content, and he even forgave the prosaic cows for mimicking him. That night I dreamed I was St. Cecilia teaching a herd of cattle to sing the "Quoir Invisible."

The following morning we rose early. It was a perfect summer morning. The sky was a brilliant, light blue. No breeze had yet arisen, the coolness of the morning not needing it. From out the sloughs a light mist was rolling upward to embrace the sunbeams. The cornfields, the evenings, the evening before so shadowy, so indistinct, now presented a spectacle fittingly harmonious in its hues of green and brown and withered

yellow, heightened where the rays of the early sun were reflected by the dew drops resting on the long, dark green leaves. It was one of those mornings which make some think that after all this is a good old world to live in.

After breakfast we went out to feed the hogs and milk the cows. But the charm of the twilight was not there. The hogs now grunted ferociously; the cows bellowed like ordinary mortals—I mean ordinary cows, only eying me a bit suspiciously as though I were not human. Their doubts, however, were immediately dispelled when I struck up "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean." Cows must think that we human beings are hopelessly sentimental—you never heard a cow singing that song. After the usual chores about the yard, we went to the field to stack hay. I started in furiously. I felt as if I could have transfixed Mt. Vesuvius with my fork, and standing with one foot on the Balkan peninsula and the other on rock Gibraltar, have pitched Vesuvius across the Atlantic into New York harbor! I do not know what gave me this confidence. Maybe it was over-estimation of my abilities, or may be my breakfast. But when the second load had been pitched up, I commenced seeing more field-mice to prod with my fork; I was more careful about making a clean job by gathering the stray wisks—at any rate somebody was laughing but it was not myself. Some sage has said "Make hay while the sun shines." That man never made hay. If he did he was insincere in his advice or otherwise he would have said, "Get a fool to make hay while the sun shines." I soon went to the house to get a drink; and the girls of the kitchen had some wood for me to split; in short, after that episode the men could never find me when they wanted me to go along with them to the field. I still have some blisters on my hands.

The day passed enjoyably enough. In the evening, again the chores with their twilight shadows, the dark waiving cornfields, the lazy grunting of the swine, the dreamy hen-house, the twinkling stars, the falling dew and the plaintiff calling of the turtledove from the shadowy grove. That night the subtle, soothing atmosphere of the farm entirely enveloped me; everything was changed at its touch. The past seemed all joy; the future, all fame and greatness; the present was forgotten. I

dreamed wilfully and soulfully; I dreamed of greatness, nobleness, virtue: I dreamed of beauty, splendor;—till I dreamed, even of the vale of dreams, in the land of dreams. I wish there were no mosquitoes. What rude awakenings we sometimes have,

I came home from the farm with a good impression, objectively of its duties and subjectively of its pleasures. This visit has proven an inspiration to me, first to write patiating its glories and mosquitoes of farm life; in the second place to make a vow not to visit the farm again, at that stage of the summer vacation when everybody about the house calls me a mope and a cushion brained fool.

"The Dreamer."

x x

Slayton Women's Symphony Orchestra.

The musical number of the lecture course was given Wednesday evening, Dec. 4. This number has been looked forward to with great anticipatory zest, so much so by the lovers of music that some have bought a course ticket for the sake of this one exhibition of art, talent and genius. The expectations were fully realized, and the procuring of this generally appreciated instrumental display reflects credit upon the careful management.

The Slayton Women's Smyphony Orchestra is under the baton of Joseph Hecker. Mr. Hecker has for several years made a special study of women's orchestras,—their weaknesses and possible improvements, and now the one under his direction may safely be considered the best of its kind. It is apparently his endeavor to appeal to the wide range of musical sympathies of his audiences by rendering both classic and more common compositions, the latter consisting of a medley of southern melodies. Mr. Hecker has in this orchestra three daughters and a son, Carl, who make up the Hecker String Quartet. The quartet was listened to with interest, and encored with unsatisfied delight.

The solos were rendered with exceedingly great effect. The pianist, Miss Stella Muriel Hecker, showed a wonderiul dexterity and a strong, deep feeling in manipulating the keys. She was

an especial favorite. Miss Bertha Hecker, the violin-cello soloist, is a star in her line. Mr. Carl Hecker, next to Max Bendix, is the best violinist we have ever had on our courses. He is characterized by his ease, grace and abandon.

x x

Athletics

On Saturday, Nov. 21, occurred the first, last and only game of the season between the college and an outside team. That day the Preps played the South Grand Rapids Independents and scored a glorious victory of 51-0. Their faithfulness during the season and their practice games with the High School showed unmistakably in their fast, sure play. Captain Van Houten ran his team well, making no fumbles, while, in fact, every man on the team played so well that it would be unfair to single out any one of them for special praise. Enthusiasm among the boys ran high, and manifested itself in a most practical way in the supper given both teams at the Hope College Boarding Club.

The constitution of the newly-formed Athletic Association, which was mentioned in our last issue, was recently, after slight changes, approved by the authorities, and has already gone into effect. The officers of the new association are the following:

Director of Athletics—E. R. Kruizenga.

Secretary—A. J. Van Houten.

Treasurer—R. H. Nichols.

Manager of Football—P. Pleune.

" " Baseball—J. J. Steffens.

" " Basketball—A. J. Kolyn.

" " Tennis—W. Hoekje.

" " Gymnasium—H. Vruwink.

These men are competent in every way for the rather difficult task that faces them in the management of the new association. Don't let them suffer from lack of support, fellow students!

The annual membership fee of the association has been set at (\$2.00) two dollars. This probably seems high, yet it is not as much as the combined fees of the previously existing Athletic Clubs amounted to, and it seems almost necessary to make it

dreamed wilfully and soulfully; I dreamed of greatness, nobleness, virtue: I dreamed of beauty, splendor;—till I dreamed, even of the vale of dreams, in the land of dreams. I wish there were no mosquitoes. What rude awakenings we sometimes have,

I came home from the farm with a good impression, objectively of its duties and subjectively of its pleasures. This visit has proven an inspiration to me, first to write patiating its glories and mosquitoes of farm life; in the second place to make a vow not to visit the farm again, at that stage of the summer vacation when everybody about the house calls me a mope and a cushion brained-fool.

"The Dreamer."

x x

Slayton Women's Symphony Orchestra.

The musical number of the lecture course was given Wednesday evening, Dec. 4. This number has been looked forward to with great anticipatory zest, so much so by the lovers of music that some have bought a course ticket for the sake of this one exhibition of art, talent and genius. The expectations were fully realized, and the procuring of this generally appreciated instrumental display reflects credit upon the careful management.

The Slayton Women's Smyphony Orchestra is under the baton of Joseph Hecker. Mr. Hecker has for several years made a special study of women's orchestras,—their weaknesses and possible improvements, and now the one under his direction may safely be considered the best of its kind. It is apparently his endeavor to appeal to the wide range of musical sympathies of his audiences by rendering both classic and more common compositions, the latter consisting of a medley of southern melodies. Mr. Hecker has in this orchestra three daughters and a son, Carl, who make up the Hecker String Quartet. The quartet was listened to with interest, and encored with unsatisfied delight.

The solos were rendered with exceedingly great effect. The pianist, Miss Stella Muriel Hecker, showed a wonderiul dexterity and a strong, deep feeling in manipulating the keys. She was

an especial favorite. Miss Bertha Hecker, the violin-cello soloist, is a star in her line. Mr. Carl Hecker, next to Max Bendix, is the best violinist we have ever had on our courses. He is characterized by his ease, grace and abandon.

x x

Athletics

On Saturday, Nov. 21, occurred the first, last and only game of the season between the college and an outside team. That day the Preps played the South Grand Rapids Independents and scored a glorious victory of 51-0. Their faithfulness during the season and their practice games with the High School showed unmistakably in their fast, sure play. Captain Van Houten ran his team well, making no fumbles, while, in fact, every man on the team played so well that it would be unfair to single out any one of them for special praise. Enthusiasm among the boys ran high, and manifested itself in a most practical way in the supper given both teams at the Hope College Boarding Club.

The constitution of the newly-formed Athletic Association, which was mentioned in our last issue, was recently, after slight changes, approved by the authorities, and has already gone into effect. The officers of the new association are the following:

Director of Athletics—E. R. Kruizenga.

Secretary—A. J. Van Houten.

Treasurer—R. H. Nichols.

Manager of Football—P. Pleune.

" " Baseball—J. J. Steffens.

" " Basketball—A. J. Kolyn.

" " Tennis—W. Hoekje.

" " Gymnasium—H. Vruwink.

These men are competent in every way for the rather difficult task that faces them in the management of the new association. Don't let them suffer from lack of support, fellow students!

The annual membership fee of the association has been set at (\$2.00) two dollars. This probably seems high, yet it is not as much as the combined fees of the previously existing Athletic Clubs amounted to, and it seems almost necessary to make it

possible to run the Association under existing circumstances. Complaints of various kinds have been heard. Fellows, let's forget it, to use a slang expression. If you belong to the Association then you should understand the difficulties, and be too loyal to complain. If you don't belong then you have no right to complain.

The prospects are encouraging. The Association already has about thirty members. The gymnasium is ready for use, and the basket-ball teams have begun to practice. Manager Kolyn recently picked a squad at a meeting of which A. J. Muste was elected captain of the basketball team. The team practices every night, and expects to be in readiness for match games before Christmas. Don't forget to support it, even though it doesn't come up to your expectations or doesn't seem as good as it might be!

x x

The Minerva Society Entertainment

Minerva and music! The alliteration is pleasing, but no more so than was the entertainment furnished us by Hope's daughters of Minerva on the evening of December 8. An interesting musical program, interspersed with declamations, was, with the assistance of violinist H. Van Hasselt, presented by members of the society whose talents as soloists and declaimers had before been manifested mainly in circles more limited than our entire college world, so fully represented in the audience. The enthusiastic reception the members received proves their merit. The social feeling music had created, light refreshments continued and brought to a climax; and the social hour following the program was thoroughly enjoyed by all. And if ever again Minerva desires to secure for her society's hall furnishings in keeping with its purpose and worthy of her daughters, let us assure her of our continued co-operation.

x x

Alumni Notes.

'02. Miss Minnie DeFeyter is expected home from Cedar Grove on Dec. 19 to spend her vacation here.

'03. Last year's prize essay on the subject, "The Story of

the Moravian Missions," by L. Boeve, has been translated, and printed in "De Hope."

'86. Rev. B. W. Lammers of Forest Grove is at present in the employ of the American Tract Society for the state of Michigan.

'01. John Steunenbergh of the senior class in the seminary has received a call to the Reformed Church of Jamestown.

'98. Rev. E. Aeilts of Clara City, Minn., has accepted the position of Classical Missionary of the Pleasant Prairie Classis. His home from now on will be in Sioux Falls, S. D.

x x

Evolution of a Lemon.

CHAPTER I.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnnie Lemon," answered the boy. And so it was recorded on the roll.

CHAPTER II.

"What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy. Which was duly entered.

CHAPTER III.

"Your name, sir?" said the college dignitary.

"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man, who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith.

CHAPTER IV.

"May I ask your name?" inquired the society editor of the *Daily News*.

"Jean D'Ennice Le Mon," replied the swell personage in the opera box. And it was duly jotted down.

Ex.

The Anchor.

Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Michigan

BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	-	-	-	J. JULIUS STEFFENS
Assistant Editors,	-	-	-	Abraham J. Muste, Willis G. Hoekje
Local Editors,	-	-	-	Anno C. Dykema, Minnie C. Riksen
Society Editor,	-	-	-	Mae Veneklasen
Alumni Editor,	-	-	-	Dirk Dykstra
Subscription Manager,	-	-	-	Gerrit J. Pennings
BUSINESS MANAGER,	-	-	-	JACOB PELGRIM

TERMS, \$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS

Address all communications to THE ANCHOR, Hope College, Holland, Mich.
For Advertising Rates apply to Business Manager.
Entered at the Post Office at Holland, Michigan, as second-class mail matter.

Editorial.

The discomforts and charms of winter, we see, have suddenly been snowed down upon our college life. In the morning we see the students hurrying from Van Vleck to the chapel along a meandering path with its camel-backed ridge in the centre, for Bloemendal no longer strains his back and breaks his shovel east of Van Raalte Hall; we see the professors, too, braving the northwestern snowy blasts with up-turned collar, with hat sheltering one ear, with body beading forward, forming half of the curve of beauty, with Dignity, we surmise, stalking imperceptible in their frozen foot prints, waiting eagerly to take a homeward bound and enter into the joys of the classroom; we see the "co eds" gregariously congregating into an aggregation of femininity in their own time killing room, hastening thither with muffled ears and mittened hands and faces veiled to do obeisance, before chapel exercises, to a goddess we know not whom; we see the "A" class fleeing the cold waves resultant of non directed forces which, when directed, close the lightly swinging and easily fitting chapel door. This we see; and we hear the weather deprecated by pessimists, hailed by optimists in such oft repeated, hackneyed terms that Jove who snows must certainly

take compassion on mortals endowed with whimsicalities which find expression in roundelays of this sort.

There is a marked change in the life of the student during these cold winter days. These are the days of intellectual growth, the days of research in has-been knowledge. The life of the student can now truly be called sedentary, sitting at the feet of the learned in all phases of understanding. The dead again speak through the medium of books, incessantly calling the student to the streams of truth. Instead of spending much time in outdoor amusements, he fills those spare moments in following the course of thought, cursory or purely argumentative, of some one who has something new to tell or old to reveal. The student, in fact, is living through a miniature *renaissance*. The dead past becomes a living present. The ancient (sometimes to his detriment) is made to speak in terms of a modern.

Winter despite its storms and its fostering of coughs and colds is for the good of the student. As in the upward trend of the race the temperate zones gave birth to the most hardy nations, likewise the same regions are producing the most learned and cultured young men,—such men as mankind needs and the times demand. With us the present is a practical and progressive age. Activity is the cry. The foot ball player would postpone Thanksgiving Day for the sake of it; the baseball player would have every season summer. Follow this and you have the education of the Spartans; follow the opposite and you have the education of the Hindoo dreamer, idealism at its limit. Between these two extremes nature offers a way of grasping the mean. The seasons of outdoor games are counterbalanced by those of indoor penetration and reflection.

A dreamer in college is often discountenanced by his fellow students. But a dreamer with a full supply of brains fully developed is what we are always looking for. Give us a seer who speaks with understanding, and not from mere hearsay. Such men are those who, when students, used the light from the lamp at midnight in winter to light their way through the mazes of high sounding words toward silent truth.

Exchanges.

"Man is like a kerosene lamp. He isn't especially bright, is often turned down, frequently smokes, and goes out at night."

The Argus of November is characterized by brevity tis in every department. It is more spicy than any exchange we have received this year. All of its short stories and sketches show remarkable cleverness.

The Voice contains an article, entitled "My Summer Trip," which is very interesting as it is tinged with historical and literary reminiscences. It is the best article of travel that we have ever found in the high school journals. We eagerly look forward to its conclusion in the December number.

The Decaturian gives a just exposition of the two classes of students that exist in colleges, in the article, "Too Little and Too Much." It closes in speaking of the "wise students," with this sentence: "They put first things first and do their best, and in this they find the real meaning of college life."

The Blade of November is a medley of footballism.

The Staton, in pouring "Drops from the Fountain of Wisdom," lets fall some smart sayings, as: "Fortune is said to knock once at every man's door, but she forgets to leave her card with her address on it." "May be if women were not so busy with their mouths they would learn to smoke."

We welcome the *Almanian* which is neatly arranged and well gotten up. The humorous article, "Fable of the College Cop and the Modern Diogenes" needs the appendage, "Moral: Avoid extremes." for its comprehension.

High School Corona is more weighty in its literary material than the average high school, or even college journals. Its aim in publishing literary articles is high; but we would suggest a little more systematic distribution.

Jottings.

Yule-tide.

Greetings.

Holly and mistletoe.

Christmas stockings of the unshrinkable variety.

A shop window. A diamond display, electric lights, mirrors, glitter, glare and Ike outside with a flat pocket book.

Do you like your turkey rare? They are exceedingly so this year. Positively "tough" judging from our Thanksgiving Day specimen.

Do you see the sprigs of green holly and wee bunches of bright red berries pictured upon these pages? No?

Neither do we. But we would that we might for the sake of creating Xmas atmosphere for this number of the Anchor.

The boys of the Park House club celebrated their first Thanksgiving party on Friday evening, Nov. 27, 1903, in Cosmos Hall. It has been decided to make it an annual event.

Mr. Wubbena has left off going to Grand Rapids.

We grieve to announce that Mr. Garrot Woods, Jr., and Mr. From the Score, jr., have agreed to "swop" girls.

Ye seven gated walls of Thebes! Behold the Antigone chorus, loping down the pike with chairs foully and perniciously swiped from the Nykerkian Preservatory of Music.

Prof. to Sophomore who has filled the stove cram jam full

The Laughlin Fountain PEN.

The kind that's advertised.

All styles priced from \$1.00 up.

The \$1.00 pen is a leader and can be duplicated by no other kind at the price.

Con De Pree's Drug Store.

Corner 8th St. and Central Ave.

of wood during Prof's. absence. "Hey, what's this? If you are trying to anticipate you'll get there quick enough."

Since the recent heavy snowstorm the path between Van Vleck Hall and the new buildings may be termed, extremely undignified. Witness the pedestrian trying to foot it. There are many endicross gyrations and emphatic down sittings.

To be or not to be (insane) that is the question bothering the Juniors.

Dr. K. to one of the boys—"Walk up straight young man. Don't take after me and become stoop-shouldered."

Boy—"I would, however, to become president of the college."

Not only are the ladies popular at Hope but Hope is also popular with the ladies, the present number of lady students being fifty.

Prof. Dorr—"Miss Pikaartdoes the mouth absorb anything?"

Miss P.—"Yes, sweetness."

Henry Van der Ploeg, who lately opened his exclusive book store on Eighth street has just filled an order for some four hundred dollars worth of books for the city library. This speaks well for his business. Congratulations.

The boys of the Senior Psychology class now consider themselves prepared to teach any class in the institution.

A favorite expression of Miss Avis—"Order please."

When you see this

I will occupy the store at 44 East Eighth street, (the present location) exclusively with books and stationery. Some of our bargains to be offered then will surprise you. Bibles, Authorized and Revised, a specialty.

Henry Vander Ploeg,

P. S.—I co-operate with the students.

Prof. V. D. M.—"It is hard to think that a man has made a good catch if his wife eats with a knife."

Miss Hannah Hoekje spent the Thanksgiving vacation with relatives at Fremont.

Mr. Roetman lives in hope of seeing Socrates some day.

An owl was found recently in Prof. Van Hasselt's room perched upon a curtain pole. Van could'nt see "how he kom dere." Neither could the owl (see.) Van winked an eye at the owl. Ditto owl. Van blinked both eyes. Ditto owl. Van grinned and the owl fell off the perch and Stogie let it fly from an open window.

Do we need a gym. and some bath tubs? Two of the boys recently agreed to take a cold plunge into a deep snow bank "in the altogether." Did they do it? Well I guess they did.

Take a brace and join the Hope College Department of Violin.

Teachers Wanted.

We need at once a few more teachers, both experienced and inexperienced

More calls this year than ever before. Schools supplied with competent teachers free of cost. Address with stamp.

American Teachers' Association,

174 Randolph Building, Memphis, Tenn.

1423 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Books, Stationery, Pictures.

Our stock is better than ever before, so are the prices in our store. It's well for you to investigate.

Come in and see, be it early or late.
We will not be undersold.

Slagh & Brink.

The Most Artistic and Natural

PHOTOS

are produced at H. BAUMGARTEL'S STUDIO. If you do not believe it, call and be convinced.

19 East Eighth Street. Citizens Phone 539. Over Kanters & Standart.

A SESSER ART CO.'S WATER **FREE!** COLOR

with every \$10.00 sale at HARDIE'S, or will sell one for 50c with a \$5.00 sale. These pictures are mounted on mats for either framing or easels and are usually sold for \$2.50 each. Only 50 of them on these terms.

HARDIE, The Jeweler.

The Ladies Orchestra which played here recently was assisted by the Hecker family and Mollema. Mollema assisted at the piano (in putting down the cover.)

Horse and Buggy—"Say, Perfesser, something's burnin' here."

Prof.—"That's possible. This is the dead language room you know."



If You Can't See

Distinctly, Easily, Comfortable, your eyes have need of our -killful attention.

EXAMINATION FREE.

Optical Specialist.

W. R. STEVENSON,

24 East Eighth Street, Holland

TEACHERS! TEACHERS!

Teachers wishing to prepare for Examination should write immediately for our 'Teachers' Interstate Examination Course, as taught by mail. This Course is endorsed by many leading educators, and every progressive teachers who wishes to advance in their profession should begin work immediately. Address nearest office, with stamp for reply.

American Teachers' Association,

174 Randolph Building, Memphis, Tenn.

1423 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Perfumes

Drugs

Stationery

Cigars

No. 6 East 8th St.
HOLLAND, MICH.

HAAN BROS., CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

INSPECT

our stock of **Holiday Gifts.** We show a full line of *Fancy Handkerchiefs, Wrist Bags, Umbrellas, Perfumes, Etc.*

DU MEZ BROS., 31 and 33 E. Eighth Street

Seelye and Pleune, the daily aftermaths in Greek.

Did Seelye steal that chicken? Who knows?

Wishing you a happy Xmas and a glad New Year we remain,

Respectfully Yours,
Wahb & Co.

Get the Habit! If you have been in the habit of buying of us at 44 E. 8th St. We want you to visit us in our new store 37 East 8th street. If you have not bought of us before **DO IT NOW.** Its a good habit. We sell everything in music at prices that are right. (An exceptionally fine line of Violins and bows.)

COOK BROS.

Sluyter & Cooper, **UP-TO-DATE** Tailors,
HATTERS and FURNISHERS.

8 East Eighth Street.

Agency American Laundry.

FREE! An Imported Royal Blue CEREAL BOWL with each double size [30c] package of SUNLIGHT FLAKES.

WALSH-DE ROO MILLING CO., Holland, Michigan.



**Fast, Frequent
Passenger Cars**

B E T W E E N

**Grand Rapid,
Zeeland, Holland,
and Saugatuck.**

**German
Dutch
SKATES**

AT

**Kanters &
Standart.**

Hamilton Art Gallery.

*Makes Superior Portrait Photographs
All the latest designs in Cards.
All the latest productions in Art Pho-
graphs.
Class Photographer for Hope College
for the past three years.*

Hamilton Art Gallery.

79 Canal St.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Wm. Van der Veere, propri-
etor of the *City Meat Market*,
has the Choicest Meats in the
City of Holland. *Everything*
First-Class. Best accomoda-
tions to Boarding Clubs.

For your CANDIES, TOBACCO,
CIGARS, PIPES, ETC., go to
PETER BOVEN, River St.

First State Bank

WITH SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Capital \$50,000.00

Cor. 8th St. and Central Ave.

G. J. DIEKEMA, President.

G. W. MOKMA, Cashier.

STUDENTS

—BUY YOUR—

Fountain Pens

—OF—

**STEVENSON, The
Jeweler**

College Pins a Specialty

—BUY YOUR—

CLOTHES
of JOHN BOSMAN.

P. F. BOONE.

LIVERY,
FEED and
SALE STABLE

Bus and Baggage Line.

209 Central Ave.

Cit. Phone 34. Bell Phone 20

WHEN IN NEED

of a Picture Frame or Mirror

Don't Fail to call on us. We have
all the latest and largest line of
of any in the city. You can find
anything in the picture line at

TROMP'S PICTURE STORE,
211 River Street

H. H. HARMON,

College Barber,

64 EAST EIGHTH STREET.

**What in the world
to give a friend?**

Yale men know and the *New Haven Union*
says: "The question of *what in the world to*
give a friend is solved by

SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES
which is alike suitable for the collegian of
the past, for the student of the present, and
for the boy (or girl) with hopes; also for the
music-loving sister and a fellow's best girl."

"All the NEW songs, all the OLD songs,
and the songs popular at all the colleges;
a welcome gift in any home any where."

\$1.50—BOOK STORES. MUSIC DEALERS.—\$1.50

HINDS & NOBLE, Publishers.
31-33-35 W. 15th St., New York City.
Schoolbooks of all publishers at one store

OUR BEST ARGUMENT

IS COMPARISON. We invite you to inspect our goods. We carry the newest Patterns in

Suits and Overcoats

and neatest line in Furnishing Goods. Our aim to please our customers and save him money. We make no statements that we cannot back up by substantial facts.

A. B. BOSMAN



Hand Tailored by
Cahn, Wampold & Co.

Copyright 1903 Cahn, Wampold & Co., Chicago

CONVINCING

Call and See our Large Double Store and our well furnished Men's Department. Every suit in it is made by the best tailors in the country, neat, trim, up-to-date goods at decidedly reasonable prices.

Lokker-Rutgers Co.

34-41 East Eighth Street